The impostor

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The impostor

by TCbook

Summary

WHAT HAPPENED TO DADDY?!

Notes

Thank you all for keeping with this little series!
I promise there will be more because I love this little family.

As always, all my thanks to my lovely beta @victorine <3 <3

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Самозванец by Krayn_Aletale

It was around seven thirty in the morning and Hannibal could hear noise coming from the nursery even without the baby monitor. Abby was awake and demanding attention, making her parents start their morning early even during the weekend .

Hannibal snuggled one last time into his husband's chest and neck, smelling the thick morning scent of his alpha, wishing to stay a couple more minutes in the warm cocoon of their bed, before putting on his robe and starting the day for the Graham-Lecter family.

Hannibal fed Abby, softly rocking her against his chest in the nursery, one arm holding her little body while the other changed the pages on his iPad, reading the morning edition of TattleCrime. Freddie Lounds was again talking about one of their latest kills, a very theatrical imitation of the main scene of The Barber of Seville. Deep red bloody foam had coated the face of the man who used to be a young barber, who had said out loud that Omegas didn't get service in his place because it was not meant for them to have facial hair. Too bad Will heard him when Hannibal asked for a shave .

Hannibal touched his early morning stubble with one hand before dislodging Abby from suckling his chest and getting her to the kitchen. He still had some barber bacon in the fridge to make breakfast from.

Hannibal put the bacon in the oven; the buns were warming in the toaster and Abby was chewing some apple slices when he noticed the faint scent of Will's herbal shaving cream coming from the open door of their en suite, a smell he had not scented since before their marriage. With the mist also came the smell of their neutral soap and the moisture of the shower, mingling so perfectly with the alpha's scent, which suddenly became more appetizing than any kind of bacon .

"Let's see why daddy is taking so long," Hannibal told Abby, lifting her from the high-chair and taking her to their room where she wasn't normally allowed to stay.

"Daddyy!" Abby called from Hannibal's arms .

"In the bathroom," Will responded.

Hannibal sat on the bed, letting the little girl go to open the door of the bathroom and waddle inside with her little arms lifted, disappearing from Hannibal's view.

"Good morning my little pup," Will said inside the bathroom, creating the warmest smile he could paint on the canvas of Hannibal's lips.

The smile turned sour with the shrill sound of Abby screaming and crying while running out the bathroom, her little hands grabbing Hannibal's pajama pants and robe with enough force to almost take them down.

"Abby, baby, what's wrong?" Hannibal shushed her, patting her head and trying to detach her from his pants while the toddler buried her face deeper inside the fabric, just pausing to look over her little shoulder at the impostor .

From the bathroom Will emerged with a warm cloud of steam, still wearing only a towel around his waist. His face was pink and smoothly shaven, his alpha features softened by the lack of facial hair, and looking so much younger, a sight that made Hannibal's mouth go dry and his cheekbones turn that peachy tone that in other circumstances made his alpha purr .

"I think she's not ok with me shaving," Will shrugged from the bathroom door, truly heartbroken by being rejected .

"She has never seen you like that," Hannibal replied, trying to keep his flirtatious tone at bay and make Abby look at Will.

The baby didn't stop squirming and wiggling from her papa's arms, though, screaming, "No no no, not daddy!" against Hannibal's chest, looking for the scent that comforted her. All she saw was an almost-naked man who had the voice of her daddy but wasn't quite her daddy.

"Abby baby, it is daddy! Look at him, smell him," Hannibal told her, standing with her next to Will.

"No!"

"Abby, it's me. Hear me, honey." Will purred the words, his hands softly patting her back, offering his wrist for her to scent her daddy .

Hannibal felt the little girl calm down, peeking her little eye between the folds of the snot and tear-soiled fabric of his designer robe carefully. The omega saw how she reached for the side of the impostor's face, touching the soft skin that smelled so much like daddy.

Hannibal felt Abby relax her hold on him a little, still wary about the man in front of her.

"I see it's time to let daddy dress and we will finish making breakfast," Hannibal said, taking Abby with him. The baby never stopped looking at the alpha with suspicion .

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When Hannibal came down the stairs the barber bacon was crisp and brown; just in time to drop the eggs in the pan. Abby, meanwhile, couldn't stop looking at the door that led to the stairs, waiting.

Shortly after that the alpha joined them in the kitchen, his kid not taking her eyes off him. Abby was concerned, scared and still confused about the change in daddy's face.

She stayed wary of her dad's new appearance but as soon as Will picked up Wendy the black stag plushie to play with Abby she quickly recovered. She began by touching Will's face with the plush and then with her little hands. She smoothed and pinched at the soft skin, as if asking silent questions about why life was doing funny stuff like giving her a smooth-faced daddy.

Will purred proudly when the little girl held up her hands, asking to be picked up by daddy and to play more, enough to tire her after a while.

After breakfast and a little playtime with Will in the nursery, Abby fell asleep in a very needed nap.

Hannibal waited for Will in their room, gasping softly when the alpha entered, spreading his fresh morning alpha scent by only stepping inside.

“I see you are not mad at me for shaving,” Will said with a half smile.

Hannibal let out a shaky exhale that was more a whimper than a growl. His alpha looked at him trembling with anticipation, trying to gather some strength to not tackle the alpha against the door.

“The second I saw you coming out of the bathroom my whole body turned into a substance I can’t describe in any other way than pure liquid devotion .” Hannibal rumbled the words, closing the space between them, his omega scent getting stronger with the fresh tang of slick puffing from within the thick robe he was wearing.

“Ha-hannibaI… *oh!*” Will stuttered, feeling how his husband circled him, brushing their hips together. One of his firm, capable hands grabbed the hard outline of Will’s cock through the layers without shame, a slow, predatory and dominant motion that led the alpha against their bed.

Hannibal removed his robe in one soft shrug, letting Will see and smell the slick running down his legs, the drops of pre-come already coating his balls letting off a cloud of mouth-watering pheromones .

The omega didn’t wait for the alpha to move or react beyond the big gasp of air Will took in. That same breath Hannibal knocked out of his body, pushing him onto the bed and throwing himself against his body.

Hannibal tore Will’s shirt apart, no time for further words. No time for anything other than to rub his nose and run his tongue along the soft skin under his husband’s jaw, making the alpha moan with just the soft, feathery touch of the long, bowed lips of the omega kissing and sucking the freshly-shaven skin .

“Oh Will,” Hannibal moaned, pawing the alpha’s pants open and pushing them down enough to free one of the alpha’s legs, baring him enough to take his cock and seat himself on it in one long roll of hips, until the omega felt the beginning of Will’s knot catching on his rim. The sensation was electrifying enough to make both of them laugh briefly in bliss before opening their mouths in a shared moan.

“Haa-Hannibal, oh love ,” Will said, sliding his hands to Hannibal’s butt cheeks, opening him wider.

Hannibal could not stop kissing Will, his lips as soft as the skin surrounding them. He was like a vision of their youth, looking at Hannibal with pleasure, half-lidded eyes and a blush creeping from his cheeks to his crotch while he rode him with force and desperation. The oak bed was suffering under his ups and downs, impaling himself over and over again on his alpha’s cock. The omega didn’t let the alpha move more than to push his hips up and thrust in

deeper when Hannibal was not grinding over his cock, the amount of slick making their kisses sound dry in comparison.

Hannibal's moans turned a deep, rumbly sound while he abused that sweet spot inside of himself, his blunt nails scraping over his alpha's chest and sides before thrusting harder .

Hannibal saw how Will's eyes flew open with one specially sweet moan of his name, his blue eyes dark as a sea with lust for his mate. He used all his strength to flip and pin Hannibal under his weight and fuck him until his knot passed the tight ring of muscle that awaited him, spilling as soon as Hannibal squeezed while they tasted each other in a moaning kiss, teeth scraping, tongues tasting each other, maddening and perfect .

Hannibal moaned with every pulse of hot cum in his insides. Will's heavy knot filled him completely, moving inside him up to the last possible thrusts when Hannibal came, hard enough to paint his own chin and lips with sweet omegan come. It made the alpha above him show his fangs in a beautiful smile before licking his lips, face and neck clean.

"I wish I had known this would happen if I shaved." Will smiled against Hannibal's cheek, still trying to catch his breath.

"I will ask Alana to take Abby with her this weekend," Hannibal said with a cheeky smile, scenting his mate over and over again.

Hannibal felt Will's knot twitch .

"*Oh!*"

End Notes

I hope you all liked it!!
Your comments make me very very happy. Suggestions? Prompts? all welcome.

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